

ON THE
SENTENCE
Passed by the
HOUSE of LORDS
ON
Dr. SACHEVERELL:

HAIL Pious Days! Thou most propitious Time,
When Hated Moderation was a Crime:
When Sniv'ling Saints were cropt for Look of Grace,
And Branded for a Conventicle Face.
Whole Floods of Gore distain'd the Guilty Years,
Noses Ragou'd, and Fricasies of Ears:
When Rampant *Laud* the Church's Thunder threw,
His Sacred Fury no Distinction knew:
The People suffer'd and the Priesthood too.

But now behold the bright Inverted Scene,
Mercy returns in a Forgiving Queen:
Her Senate's Anger burns in milder Fires,
Proud of that Clemency which She inspires.
Calmly they Try their Enemy profess,
And tho' they Damn the Doctrine, Save the Priest.
On the deluded Tool Look mildly down,
And spare the Factious Pedant for the Gown;
So when in sullen State by Peasants bound,
The Gen'rous Lyon walks his thoughtful Round.
Shou'd some small Cur his Privacy invade,
And cross the Circle which his Paws had made:
Fir'd with Disdain, he hurls his Eyes below,
But loath to Grapple with so mean a Foe;
Bestrides him, Shiv'ring with Inglorious Fear,
And Pisses on the Wretch he scorns to Tear.

L O N D O N:
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